

In This One

this guy has been
water skiing, see,

& he says to his
buddy in the boat,

jesus that's great,
wish I could get

the wife down here,
she'd like that,

& the other guy says,
christ, bring her down,

I'll pull her around,
hell, take her behind

Teddy Bear Island
& tap her there

in the blueberries
& the first guy smiles

sort of like
he was on a

roller coaster & says
probably do her a

world of good, & his
buddy says, do you suppose

she does, & he says
how should I know,

she'd never say
anyway.

So a month later he
brings her down see,

& it's a long lake
studded with islands.

She's off on the skis
& they're gone for an hour.

She finished smooth
& there's this bit

about droplets of water
down in her halter,

& she takes off her cap,
shaking her hair,

& says, I kept falling off,
looking away,

as a loon laughs
across the bay.

All the beams
above the bed

are rough sawn
excepting one

which seems
to be factory planed.

I say to myself,
next time I get up

I will touch it
to feel its smoothness.

I have yet to do this
so I have something else

to look forward to.

-- Dudley Laufman

Canterbury, New Hampshire

Crippled Folly

The object of all literature and art
is to establish relationships
between time & eternity

That's the only miracle we're trying
to pull off.

And the laughable poisonous fact is
that we don't really believe
eternity exists,

and time (we insist) is nothing
but an invention of man's
arbitrary will.

Yet we continue
with our slithering jokes,
determined, sweating, panting, ... lying.